

The Hong Kong Daily Press.

No. 6150

日大初月七年丁酉光

HONGKONG, TUESDAY, AUGUST 14TH, 1877.

二月禮

號四月八英

港香港

PRICE \$2^{1/2} PER MONTH.

SHIPPING.

NOTICES OF FIRES.

ARRIVALS.
August 13, *Henry Parker*, Siam bark, 914.
F. & A. Raven, Bangkok, 1st August.
Gong-kiang, China.
August 13, *Henry S. Sanderson*, Amer. ship.
1st Aug.
A. Slope, Cardiff, 14th August.
C. C. Onslow, China.
August 13, *Rosa Portuense*, German bark, 398.
T. H. Schulte, Shingon, 2nd August.
Timber, Wm. Purcell & Co.
August 13, *T. S. Swallow*, 1st December, 1876.
NOTICE.
E. A. RAVEN
Canton, 23rd June, 1877. [11127]

M. W. O. HOWLAND is authorized to
SIGN THE FIRE'S NAME FOR PURCHASE.

WILLIAMS & Co.

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11128]

NOTICE.
FROM This Date Mr. EDWARD SHEP-
PARD and Mr. M. W. GREIG are
authorized to SIGN THE NAME OF our FIRE
for purchase at FOOCHOW, and Mr. F. F.
ELLISWELL at AMOY.

RUSSELL & Co.

NOTICE.
M. E. EDWARD SHEP-
PARD, 1st June, 1877. [11129]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
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NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11131]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11132]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11133]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11134]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11135]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11136]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11137]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11138]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11139]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11140]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11141]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11142]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11143]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11144]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11145]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11146]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11147]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11148]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11149]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11150]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11151]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11152]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11153]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11154]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11155]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11156]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11157]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11158]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11159]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11160]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11161]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11162]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11163]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11164]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11165]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11166]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11167]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11168]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11169]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11170]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11171]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11172]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11173]

NOTICE.
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Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11174]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11175]

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Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11176]

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Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11177]

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Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11178]

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Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11179]

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Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11182]

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T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11183]

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Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11184]

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T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11185]

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T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11186]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11187]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11188]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11189]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11190]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11191]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11192]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11193]

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T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11194]

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Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11197]

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T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11198]

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T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11199]

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T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11200]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
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Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11202]

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Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11210]

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Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11211]

NOTICE.
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Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11212]

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T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11213]

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T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11214]

NOTICE.
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Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11215]

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T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11216]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11217]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11218]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11219]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11220]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11221]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11222]

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Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11223]

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Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11224]

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Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11225]

NOTICE.
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NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
Swallow, 1st December, 1876. [11227]

NOTICE.
T. H. SCHULTE
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NOTICE.
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EXTRACTS.

WEATHER OR NO?

As home I walked the other night—
The moon was dancing in the skies.
The lamp-post swayed from left to right.
The pavement seemed disposed to rise.
Police-men round me came in scores;
And did the wildest dance together;
At times I seemed to walk in clouds—
All this was nothing but the weather.

I reached our square, 'twas twining round—
How I got home I never knew;
But when my return at last I found—
The shock's four hands struck half-past two.
Dear Mrs. B. sat up for me,
Awake, and in her highest feather.
"Aw, in' deus! I've here, you see,
Upset a little by th' weather!"

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A lawyer driving along a country road asked a woman who was walking in the same direction which way he had to turn to reach B.— The woman gave him instructions, and added that she was going in that direction, and would point out the way. "All right, good woman," said the lawyer, "I'll go with her; but don't company better than none." After jogging some miles farther, the woman descended and thanked him for the drive. "I have much further to go and I reach the B. Road," said the limb of the law. "Oh, you passed it some two or three miles back," was the answer, "but, as I thought bad company better than none, I brought you with me." The woman was shocked.

MR. S. C. HALL AND THE "ART JOURNAL."

In 1839 Mr. Hall conceived the idea of establishing a magazine devoted entirely to art, art manufactures, and the higher class of literary contributions, and launched the *Art Union*, which under its somewhat modified and greatly improved title of *Art Journal*, he has continued uninterruptedly to conduct from that time to the present day, a period of thirty-eight years. "When, in 1839, I commenced the *Art Journal*," says Mr. Hall, "there was no public for art literature; I had to create a public, and I did." The news-paper gave, on certain pressing occasions, a few lines to the theme. "Now, column after column, according to the vital subject, criticising fully and thoroughly well all art productions, either published or exhibited. There were in 1839 no buyers of pictures by British artists; there were plenty to purchase old masters—the works of Raphael and Titian and Cranach; notorious frauds, which I continuously exposed, of singular craft; and once at great cost, sometimes showing where false pictures were made, and printing, month after month, Custom House returns of 'ancient masters' imported into London, engravings that paid duty, but which the artists who were responsible for them had never seen. By persisting in that course, paying how little they were worth and would ultimately bring if resold, and at the same time producing proofs of the genuineness in value of British pictures when submitted to public sale, I led the dealers on the one hand, and the collectors on the other, to avoid old masters' and to patronise such as could be readily authenticated—the productions or efforts who were yet alive to testify to their work. At the time to which I go back, artists sold their productions at very small prices indeed; they now sell at the average price in value of British pictures when resold.

The brilliant young French poet, Alfred de Musset, was a few years ago, a candidate for admission into the Académie Française, and was studiously considerate toward him and his mother. The master of the house ordered him to be fed. Also! if it was not feeding—it was gorging. He had never before been made welcome to such a feast. He did not eat—he raved—he devoured.

At last, emboldened by his kind reception and unprecedented dinner, and, no doubt, conceiving in a狂怒, him way, there must be some mistake by which he had better profit while it lasted, the filthy beast took, as it were, possession of the dining room.

He rubbed himself against the old lady, and, wonder of wonders, the old lady let him, and, wonder of a wonder, she was about to eat, fall into his paws. He devoured at the little boy who was eating the dinner cut up for him, and the little boy, without remonstrance, let him eat it all.

There was no rest and no security for any one. The chat, the grace, the lively jests, the gay good-humour of the family—repeated were put in an end to. The hateful mongrel reigns in master of the feast, sole lord of the festivity. His up when he roared, he roared them of their bones; he barked, he snarled if he saw anything to eat that excited his voracity.

Just as the servant was bringing in upon a silver dish the roast beef of the dinner, done to a turn, the greedy beast, with a loud snarl, snatched the joint off the dish and disappeared into the wardrobe.

"What I had that dog's appetite," said the Count de Saint Aulaire, with a faint smile.

How could any pleasant conversation be maintained where everything was broken in upon by the eccentricities of such a creature? How could the poet and his host, the great historian, carry on their discourse about curious historical facts; or relate lively anecdotes, such as may well be called illuminations on the margin of the page of history, while this abominable refuse of the streets was barking, snarling, snapping at the servant's heels? The guest looked at each other, but nobody made any remark.

The discomfit of the situation was great, but the astonishment of the family was greater still. Such a dinner had not been eaten at the Chateau d'Etioles, since the days of the Reign of Terror.

The aunts over, the guests went back into the drawing room; would, by the dog, be rid of the pest? The dog was young, elegant, and a man of fashion. The dog had sense enough to perceive that such a master was a credit to himself, and was entirely satisfied with his choice of an owner.

The poet sat down. The dog, well trained for him, had obtained them, and who had paid for them (they were for a work I advised for him). The *Beauties of Moore*, song to the tune of the *Art Journal*, was sold, but the astonishment of the family was greater still.

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In a few minutes the Count came into the drawing room. He was not only one of the best writers in France, but one of the most influential and respected noblemen of the day, and received his young visitor with great kindness and consideration.

He was not one of those distinguished writers of a past school, who affect never to read modern poetry or light literature, and who have been known to say as regards the honours of the Academy, "Honourable, at my age one reads nothing, but what one has read before." This cultivated gentleman loved, read and appreciated all that was good and beautiful, and could quote from rising poets as freely as from the classic authors of France. Old as he was, he read both old and new.

Soon the young poet and the old historian were in the full tide of agreeable conversation.

"Would you like to walk round the garden?" said the Comte de Saint Aulaire to his visitor.

They went over the gardens; they turned into the park, which had been much reduced in size by the Revolution; but the old Count spoke even of the Revolution with kindness and respect. True, it had greatly curtailed his pleasure grounds, but it had given liberty to thirty millions of people.

Besides, like the parasite, he was very glad that he had not been dismissed before dinner.

Now that this disagreeable guest was gone, everything came back to its place again. The family soon recovered its cordiality and composure. All went on as usual, the pleasure that the clever jokes that showed their family affection.

Meantime the dog, quite comfortable on the soft rug, in the cool drawing room, did not accompany the gentlemen, but went to sleep.

Many of the masks melted, as if they had been of wax, and the natural expression forced their way; some got flushed with heat, and their eyes to gleam.

The old gamblers' eyes seem to have lost this power—they have grown fishy; but the eyes of these female novices were a sight. Fanny's being light grey, gleamed like a panther's whose prey is within her; Zee's dark orbs could not resemble any wild beast's; but they glowed with unfeigned fire; and, indeed, all the table was now seen that which no painter can convey—for his beautiful but contracted art confined him to a moment of time and writers have strangely neglected to notice, viz., the progress of the coquetry under play.

Once more the room was gay with smiles and laughter; once more the little children prattled at their ease; everything grew charming in this hospitable establishment, where taste, cultivation and true kindness reigned supreme.

After the poet had taken leave of the historian and his family, M. de Saint Aulaire quietly said:

"Well, I am glad he was not the proprietor of that wretched mongrel. Much as I like his poetry, I could not have given him my vote—but what a satire that is!"

This sweet attempt to please—a this pretty coquette got up by wives for their own husbands, to the grandson for his grandmother, by the mother, that her children might be call her lovely, and declare how prettily her white hair became, and—such was one of the weekly pleasures of that happy household.

A little before six o'clock the family assembled in the drawing room, and the Count, with one exception, "Im Kloster

discovered the change, and booked the winning colour, their doublet on it twice. So did this so luckily three or four times that, though her single state was, at first, only 240, it seemed to grow around her; it's even possible to make a cushion. She, too, was excited, though not openly; her gloves were off, and her own hand, the whitest in the room, placed the stakes. You might see a red spot in her cheek-bone, and a strange glint in her eyes; but she could not do anything that was not sensible. She played only boldly, on the system that had cleared out Ned Sevone, and, quitting the embroidery rug, all covered with his dust, came fumbling on the hospitable master of the mansion. The kind old man, presuming him to be the property of his guest, gave him, though very reluctantly, a little care. "Poets have queer pets," thought the Count de Saint Aulaire as he did so.

"This horrid mongrel is quite out of keeping with everything else in the establishment," thought Alfred de Musset. A servant, in full livery, announced the dinner. The grandmother, who was lady of the house, took the art of the post, and all passed into the dining room, the dog following them timidly. He was so used to being kicked out of every place made fragrant by the smells of cookery that he felt some hesitation.

However, after a few moments he advanced, and, as everybody at table was a model of high breeding and politeness, not a soul from the great-grandmother to the little boy in petticoats, showed the smallest surprise at his entrance.

Even the servants, trained to imitate the polite behaviour of their employers, made believe to take no notice of the hideous animal, torn at the ears, rough, muddy, mangy, with a nasty seat on his nose. His eyes were bloodshot, his ugly chops hung down. His jaws were full of yellow, black and broken teeth which had bitten many a quiet traveller, but he had never met with the skin of a chief. It would have been hard to find in a day's ride a more disreputable animal.

And just as the viands were served by (true politeness) the more the inhabitants of the Chateau d'Etioles felt repugnance for the abominable beast, the more everybody was studiously considerate toward him and his master. The master of the house ordered him to be fed. Also! if it was not feeding—it was gorging. He had never before been made welcome to such a feast; he did not eat—he raved—he devoured.

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A little before six o'clock the family assembled in the drawing room, and the Count, with one exception, "Im Kloster

HONGKONG MARKETS.

AS REPORTED BY CHINAMAN ON THE 13TH A.M., 1877.

COTTON GOODS.

AMERICAN DRILLS, 40 yards, per piece.

AMERICAN DRILLS, 15 lbs., per piece.

AMERICAN YARN, No. 28 to 32, per 400 lbs.

AMERICAN YARN, No. 38 to 42, per 400 lbs.

AMERICAN YARN, No. 42, per 400 lbs.

Dyed Spotted Shirts, per piece.

Dyed Creecles Shirts, per piece.

Dyed Damask Shirts, per piece.

English Drills, 14 lbs., per piece.

English Drills, 15 lbs., per piece.

Grey Shirts, 21 lbs., per piece.

Grey Shirts, 22 lbs., per piece.

Grey Shirts, 23 lbs., per piece.

Grey Shirts, 24 lbs., per piece.

Grey Cloths, 24 lbs., per piece.

Grey Cloths, 24 lbs., per piece.

Handkerchiefs, 12 lbs., per dozen.

Handkerchiefs, 12 lbs., per dozen.</div